

# The Captain's Money.

A Tale of Buried Treasure, Cuban Revolt and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

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PART IV.—CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

In the presence of this grief, neither of them had bestowed any further thought upon Louis Hunter, his recent mission from Captain Willis, or his startling announcement of what he had seen on that dreadful night in the old house at Provincetown. They had not seen him since the morning that followed that night; they hoped never again to see him or hear of him.

Poor Helen Willis lived and still hoped under the cloud of her own overshadowing grief. Not a word had reached her directly from Henry Crawford since the letter that told her he had joined Lopez. The dreary list of Crittenden's men, slaughtered by Spanish volleys after their surrender, was published in the papers; her lover's name was not there. Other lists followed, of captive filibusters deported to Spain in irons, for whom the American Government was making intercession, but he was not named among them. She was heavy-hearted, and yet hopeful. His cruel silence seemed like the silence of the grave, yet she had no positive intelligence of either his death or his captivity, and hope with her was a beacon that never expired.

The days went on till October was well-advanced. On one of those golden afternoons Helen sat in her room alone. She had been reading for the thousandth time that last letter of her beloved; she had kissed it again, and cried over it. The strong, passionate yearning of her heart went out to him over seas and lands; she could not, would not, think him dead.

Her aunt rapped at her door, and entered. "Helen," she said, "there's a poor vagabond-looking fellow down below in the parlor who insists on seeing you. He looks as if he wanted charity; but I couldn't get rid of him by offering him half a dollar. He was so earnest about it that I finally let him in."

"I suppose it's one of my Provincetown sailor-friends," Helen replied. "I'll go down."

The stranger attempted to rise as she entered the parlor. He walked with two canes, but seemed so feeble that they could not support him in his attempt.

"Pray, don't rise," Helen said. "What do you wish?"

"I have walked too far," the man said. His voice was weak, his face was wan and hollow; but there was a fire in his eye that spoke of the inviolable ambition to be away from the sick-room. "I am not long out of the hospital; the doctor says I should not be out yet."

"What do you wish?" she asked again, touched by his appearance and manner.

"I was directed to Miss Helen Willis," he said. "You are the lady, I suppose? Well, miss, I've been in Cuba. I've seen rough times there with the filibusters; there were not many of us got away. Not knowing from one day to another if we should ever see home again, we used to give each other messages to carry for us. There was one fellow gave me some word for you; and now it is curious I can't think which one it was."

"Crawford?" was her breathless question.

"O, yes; Henry Crawford; I remember now. An ordinary kind of fellow."

"Sir, you must speak respectfully to him, if you talk to me! Where is he?"

"Crawford—Crawford—let me see," the man mused. "The fact is, miss, it is not easy to remember names among several hundreds. I hope he escaped, as I did. Haven't you heard from him lately?"

"No—not a word. You have something to tell me of him; why don't you tell it? If he is dead, say so, and end my misery."

"No, miss; he's not dead."

"Where is he?"

"The last I saw of him he was walking along the streets of Boston inquiring for an address that he got at Provincetown, so he could find Helen Willis."

She came up close to him and looked into his face. How could she know him? How tell that the poor, wasted creature before her was the strong, handsome lover who had hidden her farewell here less than three months before?

"Is it you, Henry?" she asked, amid her tears.

"I must be sadly changed, Helen, when your eyes don't recognize me. But every thing seems changed to me of late; I hardly knew the house where we parted."

She took him in her arms; she wept over him tears of mingled sorrow and joy.

Sorrow for his sufferings, joy that he had returned to her. An hour later they were sitting there together. Her mother and aunt had been with them; they had brought him refreshment and cheered him with their sympathy and kindness. He had briefly told them of the fate of the bark and its Captain, and his own rescue from the burning deck by the boat of an English ship; of his being carried into Nassau and being placed in the hospital, from whence, barely convalescent, he had come to New York, against the advice of the doctors. At Provincetown he had learned of the events that had caused Mrs. Willis and her daughter to leave it, and impatient above all to see Helen, he had hurried on to Boston.

Thus far the strength of hope, the wings of love had held him up against the weakness of half-healed wounds; but now, when he found himself alone with Helen, his head reclined wearily upon her bosom, she held him closely in her arms.

"You'll not leave me again dear?" she whispered.

He made no answer; he had fainted. Nothing but love had held him from the grave.

Two weeks passed before he was able to leave his bed. Then the doctor said he was in fair way to recovery. Not one man in a thousand, he said, could have survived such wounds; not one in five thousand would have survived the journey undertaken in early convalescence. His complete restoration to health would be slow; but with care, and perhaps a change of climate, a little later, all would be well with him.

Now that Henry Crawford was certain that the villainy of Hunter had succeeded, he was reluctant to pain his betrothal and her mother with the strange fate of Captain Willis' money. Their astonishment on hearing it knew no bounds. Much that had been inexplicable in the conduct of her husband was now made plain to the sorrowing woman, and the meaning of Hunter's actions was as plain. It was not without admiration that Crawford observed the demeanor of the widow under this most surprising and unexpected revelation. She indulged in no useless repining nor reproaches; her sorrow for the loss of her husband was unabated. All disappointment at the loss of wealth was concealed.

"Helen," said Crawford one day, when they were alone, "your poor father was in his last hours very anxious that you and your mother should have the money. Yet I don't know but that it will do him good."

"Why?"

"I fear it would have brought us a curse. It made your father partially unhappy in his life; and it cost him his life, too. The infamous scoundrel who has got it struck down every thing that stood between it and him. Are you sure it is gone?"

"Not if you are content."

"But its loss will put time between us and happiness."

"I can wait for you," she said, and she looked it.

What could he do but kiss her?

PART IV.—CHAPTER II. NEW LIGHT.

On a frosty morning of early December Henry Crawford stepped ashore at Provincetown. The color was returning to his face, his step had something of its old elasticity, he had thrown aside his canes. Sharp pains from his desperate hurts occasionally distressed him; but youth, strength and a vigorous constitution were triumphing. And the future was beckoning to him—not the future of ease and comfort that poor Captain Willis had pictured for him and Helen, but a future of toil and endeavor for them both. But he was happy in the prospect; her love was his exceeding great reward.

He had never been at this place before; but from the Captain's description of the locality, he had no difficulty in finding the old house. Before he reached it he made some inquiries at a shop, and received a very explicit answer.

"The old Lobdell house you mean, sir? Why, Lord bless you, nobody goes near it since Ma'am Willis and her daughter left it. Nobody knows anything more about it, nor wants to; we know too much already. Things have been quiet there lately, for all I've heard; but I s'pose they're liable to break out again any night."

"Mrs. Willis and her daughter own the place now," said Crawford. "I am their agent, and have come here this morning by their direction to look at the condition of the place, and to take care of the property remaining in the rooms they occupied. Where can I get two or three men to help me?"

"What—go into the house and move things out?"

"Certainly."

"Not in this town, you may be sure, sir. Nobody would set foot in it."

Crawford left the horror-stricken shop-keeper, and walked on. He smiled at first at the man's fears; but after he had asked the same question in several other quarters, and received the same reply, he began to see difficulty before him upon his errand.

As he reached the near vicinity of the house, he paused to take a careful survey of it, which enabled an old sailor who had been following him for several minutes to overtake him.

"Pardon, your honor," he said, scraping the crown of his hat. "I just heard you tell Mr. Goss that you wanted some help to move Mrs. Willis' furniture. I can't do much, but I'm willing to bear a hand to help Captain Aake's folks. That is, providin' you don't want to go anywhere but in the rooms where they lived. I don't know any one here as would do that much, but me. Howsoever, in the daytime, and with company, I don't mind doing so much for the sake of the old Captain's folks—God rest his soul!"

"You knew Captain Willis, then?"

"O, aye! Everybody here knew him."

"What is your name?"

"Thomas Burt, your honor."

"I shall need at least two more men to move away Mrs. Willis' household effects. Can't you get them for me?"

"It can't be done, sir," was the positive reply.

"Why, what a set of old wives you men must be here in this town to be scared by a lot of silly stories about ghosts and hauntings!"

"Beg pardon again, sir; but neither you nor any one else has a right to speak that way about men old enough to be your father. I'd like to help the Captain's widow; but if you're to talk like that, you'd better look for some one else. Good morning, sir!"

Crawford was amused at the old fellow's anger, but could not dispense with him yet.

"Here, Burt—come back," he called out. "Here's a dollar for you, whether you go into the old house with me or not."

"I always like sailors; I've been with them many a voyage, though not much of a sailor myself; and I don't want to offend an old salt like you."

"O, no offense, your honor; you're a nice-spoken gentleman," said Tom, returning and pocketing the coin.

"I ought to tell you," Crawford continued, "that Captain Willis was my best friend. I was with him on his vessel when he was killed by the mutineers, and I nearly lost my life in trying to defend him. I could show you wounds clear through my chest, not yet healed, that I got from the knives of the mutineers that night."

The under-jaw of Mr. Burt dropped with surprise.

"Let me shake your hand, your honor," and he saved that member up and down in such vigorous pump-handle fashion that Crawford had to remind him that he was not strong enough yet to go so enthusiastically greeting.

"Well, the Lord love your brave young soul. I'm proud and happy to see you and take you by the hand! What can I do for you or for the widow, or her pretty darter?"

"I'll tell you, Tom. You're the only man I've got hold of here yet who promises me any help; and I want to tell you what will make you believe that you and all the people here have been frightened at shadows. Captain Willis talked with me freely about that house and its pistol."

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## THE SAME OLD GANG.

Reappearance in Public Life of Corrupt Republican Party Leaders.

There are many signs of renewed activity in the Republican party. There has been, so to speak, a vitalizing current directed toward its old leaders, and we have a great stirring among dead bones.

First to reappear was Hon. William E. Chandler, a representative Republican from New Hampshire. Mr. Chandler is a politician with varied convictions and a manipulator without conscience. When he enters a political contest he will win at any cost, law or no law. He will do all he can to get the votes, but his chief reliance is in the returning boards. His political maxim is: "I care not who does the voting if I may do the counting."

Mr. Chandler's methods were so contrary to law and morals that they came within his own party's revolt against him, and he was compelled to seek the seclusion which private life affords. For awhile he heard no more of the distinguished successor of Robeson, but after a short rest, convinced that the moral spasm had spent its force, and especially confident that the Republican party needed and was ready to accept the services of such adepts, he announced himself a candidate for the Senate and was elected.

The second gentleman whose reputation conformed him to privacy for a brief space was Mr. M. Quay, long distinguished as a political leader of peculiar kind in Pennsylvania. Mr. Quay has been exceedingly serviceable, after a manner, in many political campaigns in Pennsylvania, and, conscious that the party is about to enter a very doubtful National campaign, Mr. Quay has been sent to Washington by the Pennsylvania Legislature, and what Mr. Chandler does not know of the dark ways and devious paths of politics Mr. Quay will teach him.

Hearing of a silent revolution which has resulted in once more bringing Mr. Chandler and Mr. Quay to the front, Boss Shepherd, who has been making mythical fortunes in the dim and distant West, returns to Washington, the scene of his former triumphs. His reception has been all he could expect. He is hailed as a martyr to puritanical prejudice against the violation of all the rules of commercial morality. The press and his personal partisans point to Washington as his creation, kindly drawing a veil over the financial history of the period, and saying nothing of the bills Congress had to pay. Shepherd proceeded on the Tuesday evening, and let the people see something for the money he was spending, the disproportion between taxes and results would not attract attention. So he proceeded to dazzle the people of Washington, the press and Congress. He evidently believes the country is anxious to be dazzled again, and so he returns ready for the work.

In addition to the reappearance of these distinguished gentlemen ex-Senator Stephen W. Dorsey is discovered among the haunts of politicians and newspaper reporters. The reporter found him engaged as a good Samaritan in sending food and clothes to a man he once knew, and supposing that this is the kind of charity that covers the haunts of politicians and newspaper reporters. The reporter found him engaged as a good Samaritan in sending food and clothes to a man he once knew, and supposing that this is the kind of charity that covers the haunts of politicians and newspaper reporters.

Chandler, Quay, Shepherd and Dorsey! Thus begins the new list of the "same old gang." The party delighted to honor and in whose breast hope revives under the belief that Hon. James G. Blaine is about to triumph over all his enemies to the end of confusion of the muggwumps who once forced these gentlemen into retirement. But where are Robeson and Belknap and a host of others who guided the destinies and disgraced the name of the Republican party in the brave days of old?—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

BLAINE AND WALES.

Matters on Which the Planned Knight Can Enlighten the Gay Prince.

The intimate relations between Mr. Blaine and England's Wales are well calculated to raise a flutter in the Republican bosom. It will not be a wholly pleasurable emotion, but a mingled flutter, so to speak, of pride and anxiety. There will be pride that the plumed one is recognized by the great ones of the earth as one of their own kind; but there will be anxiety also lest his intimacy with this particular great one may prejudice him in his fishing excursion upon which he has gone for the Irish vote. And, unfortunately, there is more ground for the pride than the anxiety. Aside from the fact that he is a Prince there is nothing great about H. R. H. He has achieved no distinction on the score of personal ability. He is neither wise nor learned except in court etiquette, and his moral reputation is seriously "off color." Except by virtue of his station he confers no honor or distinction upon any American citizen by receiving him upon terms even of equality; and he certainly can confer none on a citizen who has been exalted as Mr. Blaine has and who holds the position he does even now in the estimation of a large number of his fellow-citizens. Pride, therefore, in his recognition by the Prince, has an extremely flimsy foundation and will chiefly be felt by those of Mr. Blaine's admirers, who are given to toadyism or sycophancy.

For anxiety, on the other hand, there really are excellent grounds. What the Prince may be personally, he represents a system which Ireland and Irishmen have found harsh and intolerably oppressive and against which they are to-day in moral, as they may be at almost any time in actual, revolt. Even if the Irish were in a condition of mind to reason calmly and dispassionately on the subject, they might well wonder that a professed friend of theirs and a seeker for their support should run after one who embosoms quite as many as any one person can the oppression they find so grievous. And not being, just at present, in such a condition of mind, the Irish are very

likely to do more than wonder what they see Mr. Blaine hob-nobbing with British royalty.

This, however, is a matter which concerns chiefly the Republican supporters of Blaine and his Presidential aspirations. To the outsider there is occasion for neither pride nor anxiety in his association with the heir-apparent to the throne of Great Britain and India. There is room, perhaps, for some curiosity. Knowing that a man of Blaine's attainments can gain nothing from the Prince, either of political or practical information, or even of insight into the habits of good society, one can not help feeling that it is the Prince who has sought the intimacy. So feeling, we must speculate somewhat as to his purpose. Is he after information as to diplomacy, the management of a lobby, the packing of caucuses, the use of "influence" with legislators or the art of getting in "on the ground floor" of enterprises that need legislative aid? Or is he looking for points in the art of letter-writing and the propriety of letter-burning? If either of these is his object the Prince has struck the right man. More than any other American, distinguished or obscure, Mr. Blaine can enlighten Wales upon all these matters. *Detroit Free Press.*

DEEDS BETTER THAN TALK.

A Grand Army Organ's Impartial View of the Democratic Administration.

Submitted to the people by a political convention lately held in Ohio was the following:

"We condemn the action of Mr. Cleveland in vetoing pension bills, and especially we denounce the spirit manifested by the maimed and disabled soldiers of the country in the language in which certain of his vetoes are couched, and we condemn as unjust and unwarranted his veto of the Dependent-Pension bill, and declare that it was in plain violation of the Nation's pledge to its defenders and of the oft repeated promises of the Democratic party of the North, made during political campaigns to secure votes. We demand of Congress that it pass, and of the President that he approve, liberal enactments pensioning the soldiers of the country; that the helpless widows, regardless of the cause of death, dependent parents and disabled soldiers shall receive the bounty of the Nation they fought to save, and which they richly deserve."

Comrades, we have no intention or desire to treat upon a political topic, or to endeavor to bias opinion for or against one party or another; but we do wish to condemn and denounce this groveling and hypocritical method of fishing for the soldier vote, whether emanating from the councils of Republican or Democrats, in State or National affairs. It is so essential to remind observing voters that the same dose of sophistry has been prescribed to them year after year for the last quarter of a century, and the result is—still pleading and fighting for justice and recognition.

With us it is not which political party is the best, but rather which of them can make the greatest showing in favor of the veterans of the late war. There are two ways of looking at the question: one is, in the interest of the veterans, to let the President do his duty, and the other is, from a standpoint of partisanship. We want nothing to do with politics in connection with the Grand Army of the Republic, and in publishing the following our only aim is to demonstrate the vast difference between deeds and words.

During the two years that President Cleveland has been in office, he has approved 863 private pension acts. Grant in eight years approved only 485. Mr. Hayes in four years only 308, and Garfield and Arthur in the same time 736. Besides the President Cleveland has approved three general pension acts—the first, of March 19, 1886, increasing to \$12 the pension of 79,987 widows, minors and dependent relatives of Union soldiers; the second, of August 4, 1886, increasing the pension of 10,030 crippled and maimed Union soldiers of the late war from \$24 to \$30, from \$30 to \$36, and from \$37.50 to \$45 per month; and the third, of January 29, 1887, which has already placed upon the pension rolls 8,455 survivors and widows of the late war. Moreover, this number will be increased to at least 25,000 within the present fiscal year.

Besides largely increasing the pension list, the present Administration can boast of more Union veterans in its employ than ever before.—*Boston Grand Army Record.*

PRESS COMMENTS.

—Dear G. A. R.—The WAR is over.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

—Tuttle, of Iowa, will have to look to his laurels or Foraker will get up a reputation as the prize fool of the season.—*Boston Times.*

—Whenever the Republican party tries to stop waving the bloody shirt, it waves the party.—*St. Louis Republican.*

—Colorful is becoming the Tuttle of the frontier, but in the absence of cotton bales he handles other material.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

—The talk of rivalry between Governor Hill and President Cleveland is Republican bosh. No good Democrat should be fooled by it.—*Buffalo Times.*

—If the Grand Army is to be swung into line next year as a portion of the voting strength of the Republican party the organization will forfeit a large part of the reputation it has possessed in the past.—*Boston Herald.*

—Here's to Iowa: may she pass under the control of true and faithful Democrats and come up in support of the President and the party in Congress in their fight against the power of fraud, force and frenzy.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Colwell Post, G. A. R. of Carlisle, Pa., and O. J. Crane Post, of Cleveland, have joined the long line of protestants against disloyal follies uttered in the name of the Grand Army. The latter's pronouncement seems to go to the heart of the matter when it says: "This post looks with disapprobation and condemnation upon every and any demonstration of disrespect toward the legally-constituted Executive of the National Government, the same being subversive of the foundation principles of the Grand Army of the Republic." Foraker never rose to such a pitch of patriotism as this.—*Chicago Herald.*

## THE KARA-KIRGHESE.

Customs of and Life Among the Semi-Berberian Siberian Nomads.

The Kara-Kirgheze are essentially a nation of shepherds and breeders of cattle, and think it a "come-down" in life when compelled to resort to settled occupations. They are not so rich as their brethren in the plains. Very few own as many as two thousand horses or three thousand sheep. Also they have fewer camels; but, on the other hand, possess an excellent breed of oxen for traversing the mountains. Their cows are large, but do not yield much milk. Yaks are kept by them instead. Their cattle-breeding claims far less labor than agriculture, but is exposed to great risks. For the support of a Nomad family for a year are required eleven head of large and ten of small cattle, and to provide hay for the winter consumption even of this number exceeds the working power of one household.

I was much interested to see some of the Kirgheze on the march. Their wanderings are thus conducted. When the pasture in a neighborhood is eaten, one or two of the young men are sent to select a suitable spot for another encampment, and to clean out the wells. This done, the women pack the tents and the men form the cattle in droves. The camp is ready and starts before dawn, the good women of the family riding in front. I met one old lady in this honorable position, mounted astride a bullock and looking any thing but graceful.

The other women, variously mounted on the top of carpets, teakettles, tents, etc., the whole being made to wear, as far as possible, a festive aspect. The length of a stage is from thirteen to seventeen miles, and the *aul* traverses about twenty-five miles in twenty-four hours.

On arriving at the place of encampment it is the office of the wife to put up the tent. I chanced to see a woman begin to do so, and would not stir from the spot till I had witnessed the whole operation. The principal parts of a *kibitka*, or tent, are large pieces of felt to cover a frame-work that consists of lintel and side-posts for a door, and pieces of trellis-work surmounted by poles that meet in the center. On this trellis-work are suspended arms, clothes, bags, basins, harness and cooking utensils. Not that there is a large variety, however, of the last, for most of the cooking is done in a large open saucepan that stands on a tripod over a fire in the middle of the tent. Crockery ware is not abundant, being of hazardous carriage, and metal goods are not cheap, so that leather has to do duty not only for making bottles (specially those for carrying *koumiss*) but also pails, some of which are furnished with a spout. I met with no small saucepans or teakettles of English shape, their place being supplied by *kurgans*, or water-wares, somewhat resembling coffee-pots. Round the walls of the tent are piled boxes, saddles, rugs, and bales of carpet, against which the occupants lean, the head of the household sitting opposite the door, and in front of him the wife in attendance.

I was honored with an invitation to dine in one of these tents, the dishes being put before us according to our rank. I heard nothing of grace before me, but I never saw any thing to exceed the alacrity with which the dishes were cleared. Hands were knives and fingers were forks, the meat being torn from the bones as by the teeth of hungry dogs. It is considered polite for a Kirgheze superior to take a handful of pieces of meat and stuff them into the mouth of an inferior guest, an elegance I saw practised on another, but from which, mercifully, I myself was excused.—*Dr. Henry Lansdell, in Harper's Magazine.*

## HONESTY OF WOMEN.

A Writer Claims That It Is Due To Their Inexperience In Money Matters.

It is creditable to the general character of women in official station that any lapse of honesty among them attracts far more attention than if committed by a man.

Women are being employed more and more as book-keepers and cashiers, and one avowed ground of this employment is that they are more honest than men. Unquestionably they are so, up to this time, and it is probable that they will have some permanent advantage in that way. Their normal instincts are somewhat higher and their temptations less, on the side of perilous indulgences. But has been pointed out more than once by the cautious friends of women that a good deal of the present moral advantage of the sex, in matters of honesty, comes simply from inexperience. They have hitherto had so little to do with the direct handling of money that they regard it with more reverence than men; the bare thought of an irregularity alarms them; their conscience is wholly fresh and sensitive; they can not conceive how a person can wrong another out of a dime and live. Moreover, they overrate the difficulties and perils consequent on wrong-doing; a young book-keeper told me once that whenever her accounts failed to be balance, if it were only by a single cent, she felt as if a policeman were just coming in at the door. It is as we find to be the case with lending money; any prudent person would rather lend it to a woman because he knows that the chance of repayment is greater. In the present state of society a debt of five or six cents seems a tremendous affair to a woman and a very small affair to a man; but let that woman borrow and repay a few times, and the fine edge of sensibility begins to wear off, and more slowly. In looking over the list of persons who have done me the honor to borrow money of me—as Charles Lamb's friends used to describe his debts—I find that the number of bad debtors is nearly as great among women as among men; but it is altogether likely that those women who have suffered pang of regret at first, while the men have probably taken it with much greater equanimity.

We must always bear in mind that women, as a class, are only just beginning to live outside of the shelter of tutelage and tradition, and while

## PASTEUR'S METHODS.